

The TATLER

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THE TATLER

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LADY ALEXANDRA CADOGAN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Lady Alexandra Cadogan is the younger daughter of the late Lord Cadogan and Marie, Lady Cadogan, and a sister of the present holder of the title. Her engagement was announced last week to Mr. Robert Gilliam Buchanan, who is a subaltern in the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and the second son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Buchanan, of Drumpellier, and of Mrs. Buchanan, of Corsewall, Stranraer

Harlip



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

that aspect of affairs. And in the Ambassador's residential quarters M. Corbin had maintained the traditional sense of splendour modulated always with perfect taste to the requirements of the occasion. To spend a little time in his study, where he worked so many long hours of

the day and night, was a privilege to every student of international politics. Not for nothing had he been director of Press services at the Quai d'Orsay at one stage in his career. And in his drawing-room he combined, in some indefinable way, the attitudes of parent and colleague, host and fellow guest. This was a very great Ambassador and gentleman.

After the French capitulation and the grim necessity for Britain of striking down the fine ships that so lately had sailed the seas with her own, the Embassy reflected all those conflicting emotions which have swept the two countries. At first one

could detect a sense of shame, which later gave place to a certain resentment as, day by day, fresh humiliations were heaped upon one another. This is now past history. Yet it is hard to escape the conclusion that many things were done not altogether demanded by the requirements of military security. Under these conditions it is a tribute to the Marquis de Castellane, left in charge by the successive resignations of his Ambassador and his Minister, that he strove to the end—and with some success—to remove conditions which could only leave personal bitterness in the hearts of those soon to return to their unhappy country.

Diplomatic Departure

As these notes are written the return voyage of the French party is not completed. It is to be hoped that it has been organized with at least the equivalent consideration of that shown by Britain's latest enemy to the Ambassadorial party which lately returned from Rome. Those who returned have brought with them beautifully printed and bound handbooks setting forth the precise and luxurious accommodation provided for each member of the party—diplomats, consuls, journalists and domestic staffs alike. Incidentally it is amusing to know that this document was prepared a full week before Italy scrambled into the war. The choice of foods and wines offered every day on the *Conte Rosso*, which carried the party from Ancona to Lisbon, and was their home for eight days before the voyage actually started, would have done high credit to any transatlantic liner in the piping times of peace.

During their last days in Rome the diplomatic party had ample opportunity to gauge the feelings of Italians on the circumstances of their country's precipitation into war. The great majority was shocked and horrified; the bulk acutely apprehensive of the consequences; a goodly proportion justly ashamed of the barefaced opportunism of their leader's action. Many spoke openly on the subject and tried by all means to show their continued friendship by help and consideration for those who, through the fortunes of war, were obliged hurriedly to leave valued possessions behind them in Rome.

The Seavacuation Problem

It is a thousand pities that things have gone so badly awry in the plan for sending British children under sixteen to places of safety in Canada and the United States. In these days Britain is very much in the position of a battleship waiting to go into action. As such there is much to be said for clearing the decks. Apart from the greater freedom which the military would enjoy for conducting counter-invasion operations, there is no point in a single child undergoing the nervous strain of war experiences where this can be avoided.

Obviously there was never the physical possibility of dispatching the whole of our infant population across the Atlantic. But similarly there was no likelihood that an unmanageable number would be registered by their parents. Particularly unfortunate has been the manner and

(Continued on page 112)



AT THE OPENING OF THE
CANADIAN RED CROSS HOSPITAL

An informal group at the opening ceremony of this million dollar hospital which is situated somewhere in Buckinghamshire. Lord Astor (seated) with Lady Astor, Mrs. Vincent Massey, wife of the High Commissioner for Canada, and some of the hospital staff

Exit the French Embassy

HEADED by the Chargé d'Affaires, the Marquis de Castellane, the French Embassy party left London last week and Albert Gate House, scene of so many brilliant international gatherings of the century, stands empty and forlorn.

During the last days there was something infinitely tragic in the atmosphere which pervaded the place. Here were the same familiar faces which many of us have known so well; the same bustle in the corridors of the Chancery. But something was missing and something new had taken its place. Until a few short weeks ago to enter that Chancery had been like going into one's own office or home. There was a nod and a cheery greeting on every side; a pleasant, easy-going sense of freedom and confidence, which bade the regular visitor step into the office of this or that secretary without formality. Here one could talk of all the most intimate aspects of "the common effort" and discuss with perfect frankness the secrets that were theirs and ours alike.

For a quarter of a century M. Roger Cambon had occupied one of the offices looking out on to Hyde Park and there smoked innumerable French cigarettes as he studied his papers or discoursed with rare insight and perception on this or



THE HON. VINCENT MASSEY,
THE RT. HON. R. B. BENNETT
AND MATRON MACKRAY

Another snapshot taken at the opening of the new Canadian Red Cross Hospital. The Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, who is chairman of the Canadian Red Cross Society in London, handed over this magnificent hospital fully equipped to the Canadian Army Medical Corps. The Hon. Vincent Massey has been High Commissioner for Canada since 1935. Mrs. Vincent Massey who is a daughter of the late Sir George Parkin is in the other group

LUNCHEONS AND SPEECHES

Madame Tabouis, Lord
Woolton and Mr. Bevin
on
France, Food and Women
Workers

There was no lack of plain speaking at the Trades Union Club luncheon in honour of that very courageous lady, Madame Tabouis. After a brief but forcible address by the veteran Trades Union pioneer, Ben Tillett, the guest of the occasion told her hearers some hard facts about the corruptness of certain members of the French Government and of how M. Laval once offered the editor of *L'Œuvre* (her paper) six million francs to suppress her articles, an offer which was at once refused



MME. TABOUIS (CENTRE) WITH CAPTAIN SIMON (OF GENERAL DE GAULLE'S STAFF), MME. SIMON AND MR. BEN TILLETT AT THE T.U.C. LUNCH

Tunbridge-Sedgwick



H.E. THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR, TAI-CHI QUO, AND LORD WOOLTON AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

At this "Food in Wartime" Foyle's lunch the Minister of Food said that while there was no shortage we must learn restraint. Lord Woolton had a ninepenny lunch, and enjoyed it

Tunbridge-Sedgwick



SIR GEORGE AND LADY FRANCKENSTEIN ALSO AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

The former Austrian Ambassador to London and his wife were two more people who were at this food economy lunch at Grosvenor House—tripe being one of the things on the menu



(LEFT)
MR. ERNEST BEVIN AND
MISS CAROLINE HASLETT

The Minister of Labour who made a capital speech on the need for another quarter of a million women for key posts in industry, was the guest of honour at the luncheon given by the British Federation of Business and Professional Women at the Dorchester, at which Miss Caroline Haslett presided and made a very good speech indeed

(ALSO, ON RIGHT)
LADY RAVENSDALE AND SIR
WILLIAM BEVERIDGE



The Way of the War—(Cont. from p. 110)

method of the whole affair, which has had the effect of a cold douche on the astonishing wave of spontaneous enthusiasm which has swept the United States.

Beginning from personal contacts in this country between Americans and the parents of British children there rapidly grew an insistent demand from America to send our children to them in thousands. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt took matters in hand, offered to take young Britons into her own home and set up a committee to collect and classify the offers of other American families. For this purpose she co-opted the services of Mr. Marshall Field and Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, the chairman of the Chase National Bank. In London, the American Consul-General, Mr. J. G. Erhardt, overwhelmed with applications for visas, appealed to the Ambassador, Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, who formed the American Evacuation Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Lawrence Tweedie, head of the American Chamber of Commerce in London. All these people, working at high speed on both sides of the Atlantic, have made giant strides in ensuring that the British children would go to homes similar to those in which they have been brought up in Britain.

It is understandable that the British Government should not want to risk these children on the Atlantic in unescorted ships. Mr. Attlee has now endorsed my comment last week that the explanation is to be found in the reduction of Allied sea power by loss of

the French fleet. But such is United States enthusiasm on this matter that means may yet be found of filling this gap. It would not be the first time, for example, that American warships had been sent on humanitarian missions.

Aid from America

News about America and Americans is predominant this week. The Presidential problem is simplified now that the conventions of Republicans and Democrats are over. In Havana the Pan-American Conference, attended for the first time by a representative of Canada, is discussing control of raw material surpluses—that is to say, exportable surpluses urgently needed by the Axis Powers—and America's determination to prevent Germany from gaining a territorial foothold in the New

American Women's Volunteer Reserve. Thanks to them, the victims of unrestricted sea warfare—civilians and merchant seamen—of air raids and other trials have received 65,000 pieces of new clothing and 12,000 of used clothing; 60 miles of material; 20,000 pounds of wool; 27,000 pieces of hospital clothing and equipment; 2,400 pieces of layette; 1,500 hospital instruments; nine ambulances; five complete X-ray installations.

Growing Aid for Great Britain

All of these items are marked "America to Britain," and are sorted and dispatched, on the advice of a British committee, aided by one leading American, Mr. Bertram Cruger, of the Chase National Bank, by American women volunteers, working at Dudley House. Now Mr. Norman Davis has set up an American Red Cross Committee in London, under the chairmanship of Mr. Dan Grant of the Guaranty Trust Company, which is working at Dudley House also.

To tell the full story would take too much space. For example a group of New York doctors have offered to build and equip a hospital of one thousand beds. A site has been allocated but progress is deferred because our present hospital accommodation suffices. A group of American societies in Britain have combined to form an ambulance organization. They are providing, equipping and staffing a fleet of mobile surgical units to work between bases and casualty points and mobile first-aid posts, carrying surgical equipment as needed. Mr. Wallace B. Phillips is

(Continued on page 144)



AMERICAN SEAEVACUATION SCHEMES

A meeting was held at Grosvenor House by the American Committee for the Evacuation of Children. Great disappointment is felt that the Government's scheme is temporarily held up. Our picture shows some members of the Executive Committee. L. to r.: Mr. Bertram Cruger (Financial Chairman), Mr. L. Tweedie (Chairman), Mr. J. Weddell (Executive Chairman), and Mr. J. Gauntlett (Controller)



AN ARMFUL OF ALUMINIUM

Lord Beaverbrook's appeal to the women of this country for their aluminium pots and pans has had a really wonderful response, and many of the Women's Voluntary Service depôts have been hard put to it to cope with the enormous amount contributed. Lady Lucas-Tooth, in charge of the Chelsea Dépôt of the W.V.S., is photographed with an armful

World. Mr. Clarence Streit and his "Union Now" supporters, are urging a Federal Union of the British Empire and the Americas.

Guns, rifles and ammunition in great quantities are passing steadily into the hands of the Allied soldiers who stand ready to defend Britain against all comers. American aeroplanes are beginning to arrive in important consignments. All too little recognition is paid to the extent of the relief aid which Britain is now receiving from the United States. Impressed by this fact, Her Majesty the Queen herself, conceived the idea of broadcasting our gratitude to America.

I have just received some details of the quantities of relief consignments already received in Britain. They are dispatched by the co-ordinated efforts of several American societies, including Allied Relief, American Red Cross, British War Relief Society and

M. ANDRÉ FENEZ

In our issue of July 3 we published a photograph of General de Gaulle and another French officer who, in the caption, we incorrectly stated was M. André Fenez.

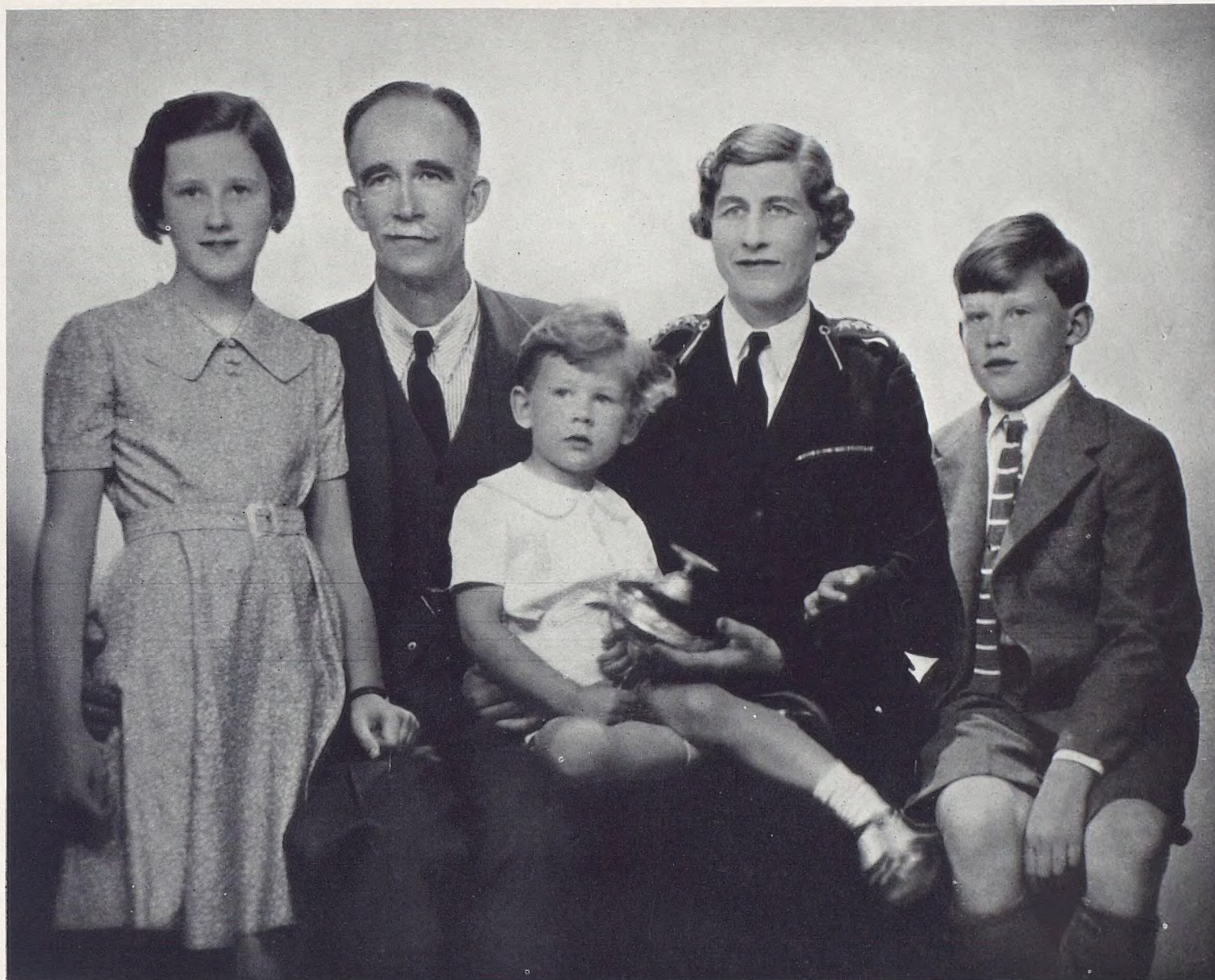
We much regret this error and apologize to M. André Fenez therefore and for any inconvenience which its publication may have caused him.

M. André Fenez is a French business man who has been in this country since the outbreak of war solely as a member of the French Civilian "Transport Maritime" Commission and has not identified himself with General de Gaulle.

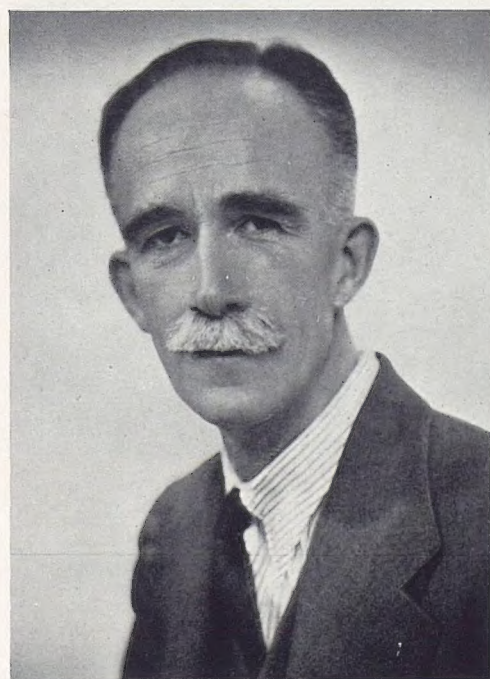


ACTRESS APPOINTED B.B.C. ANNOUNCER

Miss Hetmione Hannen, the actress daughter of Nicholas Hannen is seen leaving her home in Chelsea en route for Broadcasting House, where she has been appointed an announcer. She has had experience as a radio actress, and her performance as Lily Langtry in "The Jersey Lily" at the Gate Theatre was a triumph



THE FAMILY GROUP: LORD AND LADY LIMERICK, AND THE CHILDREN, LEFT TO RIGHT, LADY ANNE PERY, THE HON. MICHAEL PERY AND LORD GLENTWORTH



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LIMERICK AND THEIR CHILDREN

Lord Limerick who succeeded to the Earldom on the death of his half-brother in 1929, formerly held a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the Horse Artillery (T.A.). He was born in 1888. Lady Limerick, whom he married in 1925, is a daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Trotter and of Lady Trotter who is a kinswoman of the Duke of Wellington, being a daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Greville Wellesley. In these pictures Lady Limerick is wearing the uniform of the President, the Red Cross Society of the County of London

Photos: Lenarc



TRAINING THE NEW HOME GUARD

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

WE have craved for a spot of good news for many months now. The dead weight of the enemy's successes has lain heavily upon us, and takes some shifting. Of course we can take it, and a good deal more, but the tonic effect of one bit of good news would be immense. Surely it is coming and may be just round the corner; in the meantime we have suddenly given birth, in our agony, to a large new auxiliary army.

Old soldiers are rejuvenated, young amateurs are initiated to arms, in the new Home Guard, as the Prime Minister calls the Local Defence Volunteers. These spare-time, unpaid warriors now reach the one and a quarter million mark, and have become equivalent to the old Territorial Army of home-service days. This formidable body, though scarcely two months old, has been organized more quickly than anything we have yet seen done.

Yet inevitably one hears of impatience for greater speed in training and equipping, and this is understandable in the urgency of

the moment. But in this organization more than in any others everything depends upon the ability and push of the local leaders. In many localities first-rate fighting units have already emerged, and are being trained rapidly in a practical way; but, alas, others still potter about wasting time on non-essential details, with the result that members drop away. These only need better local leaders.

It is a mixed crew—a few lads under army age

changing of horses while in mid-stream."

Clearly the country units, and the London, town, and city units, will need different tactical training—the groundwork being the same for all. Street fighting is likely to predominate in built-up areas, as well as the prevention of sabotage by traitors and parachute troops. Many vital points are therefore carefully guarded by the Home Guard—places which the Home Service battalions and private personnel of railways, etc., have not been able to take care of. If the worst befalls the civil population the police will no doubt welcome assistance from us. But there will be less aerial observation work in built-up areas than in the open country outside. If serious fighting should occur the Home Guard are bound to find themselves often engaged alongside the Regular Army in the fray—just as our old Pioneers were in France last month. The number of duties and guards which the Home Guard can take over from the Army will be numerous, with the result that more men of the army will be available for the firing line, instead of being kept behind on the hundred and one jobs they have

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FAMOUS COMEDIAN IN HOME GUARD UNIFORM

An entirely new picture of Lupino Lane, who has been delighting his audiences for the past two years in that rollicking show at the Victoria Palace, which 3,000,000 people are said to have visited, *Me and My Girl*, in which he takes the part of Bill Snibson and created "The Lambeth Walk." He has now joined the Home Guard somewhere in England



UNIQUE RANK FOR WOMAN DOCTOR

Mrs. Geneviève Rewcastle, M.B., Ch.B., the wife of Mr. Cuthbert S. Rewcastle, K.C., is to be attached to the R.N.V.R. with the rank of Surgeon-Lieutenant, and is the first woman to have been given such a distinction. Before her marriage in 1926 she was Dr. A. G. Candon. She is seen leaving the London headquarters of the W.R.N.S.

march with ancient war-horses of glittering pasts, while an age gap exists in the centre, for the nineteens to thirty-threes are being more active in the Services. Some of the old boys particularly relish having orders to obey. "I am a born disorganizer" announces my formidable rear rank number, when asked to drill the platoon. After a long career of responsibility, organizing, and the giving of orders to others he relishes the comfortable relief of being ordered about for a change. But not all our good old heroes share this inclination.

Some cling to any command. Many are excellent and give long hours of devoted service, but others have lost their vital spark, and can no longer march with the times. This outlook is well illustrated by a dear old boy who, when asked if he would not prefer the Tommy gun to the rifle, replied: "Damn it, how can we teach the fellows to 'present arms' with a gangster gun." In fact the more senior the rank previously held the more difficult it may be to descend to the command of a company or platoon. If the Home Guard is to be really good, as it will be, we must appoint without delay commanders with fairly recent experience and modern outlook, regardless of age and previous high rank held, and regardless of whether they were the first to join, even if this course involves "the



A.D.C. TO HOME DEFENCE CHIEF

The Duke of Marlborough has recently been appointed A.D.C. to General Ironside, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces. He was formerly a captain in the 1st Life Guards and has rejoined his old regiment. Since the outbreak of war he and the Duchess have been living at the Dorchester, where a second son was born on July 13. Their son and heir, the Marquess of Blandford, was born in 1926 and is now at Eton



DOING HER BIT FOR LORD BEAVERBROOK—MISS PAT BURKE'S CONTRIBUTION

The Minister of Aircraft Production has gracefully acknowledged the excellence of the response made to his appeal for all the aluminium pots and pans and other things made of that useful substance—and it is pouring in by, as may be said, the cartload, excepting when as in this case it is transported by hand by pretty people like Miss Pat Burke, the young actress who in private life is Mrs. Michael Kimpson and was taught how to fly in 1938 by her husband, who was then a flying instructor. Patricia Burke is a daughter of that other celebrity, Marie Burke and is now one of the leading lights in that amusing musical show *Up and Doing* at the Saville Theatre

THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

SOME little time ago my friend, Mr. Ernest Newman, desired to know why fourth-rate musical compositions like Saint-Saëns's "Le Rouet d'Omphale" continue to be played, while nobody will ever want to hear again works like Pick-Mangiagalli's "Sortilegi" or Hamerick's "Symphonie Spirituelle." "Yet probably the invention, and certainly the craftsmanship, of either of these works, is superior to that of the Saint-Saëns." I could have told Ernest, and I propose to tell him now. Fourth-rate composers who endure do so because they have hit upon a tune or a rhythm or a trick of atmosphere which the public wants to hear and go on hearing. If the public doesn't find something ear-haunting in a composer, all the invention and craftsmanship in the world won't save him. With the possible exception of the "Carneval Romain" there is hardly a *whistleable* original tune in the whole of Berlioz. The fact that that invention and that craftsmanship and that glorious hash of sound have not popularized this all but colossal genius proves my point.

And so it is with everything else in what I hope it is not vulgar to call the entertainment world. No amount of art, contrivance, or anything else will ever save a play if you don't want to know what A is going to say to B, and what C is going to do next. This applies equally to your West End drawing-room melodrama and your bit of highbrow experimentalism acted on the rungs of step-ladders at the Backwash Theatre.

Now this surely elementary proposition achieves its fullest force in the cinema where, unless you are in your teens and half of a courting couple, there is nothing to do except get interested, the only alternatives being either finding your hat and leaving the cinema or falling fast asleep. I am extremely partial to French films, as readers of this page may possibly have remarked. Indeed in an article written very early this year I gave it as my considered opinion that of the ten best films of last year, the first six were all French. As I remember, the order in which I placed them was as follows:—

1. *Quai des Brumes.*
2. *Le Patriote.*
3. *La Bête Humaine.*
4. *Hôtages.*
5. *Les Gens du Voyage.*
6. *La Femme du Boulanger.*

There is, alas, one matter in which as a film critic I am wholly remiss! I can never remember the names of film directors. In my view all French films have been directed by René Clair, just as all German ones were done by somebody called Ufa and all Russian ones by somebody called Pabst. American films seem to me to be just Hollywood-directed; and in the matter of English films I do not know a Wilcox from a Hitchcock. Except that one of them will contain Miss Anna Neagle, and even then I don't know which this will be! It has always seemed to me that an enormous lot of nonsense is talked in the concert hall about conducting, in the theatres about producing, and in the cinema about directing. Let me assemble in the green room at the Queen's Hall, Toscanini, Fürtwangler,

The Last French Film?

Koussevitzky, Bruno Walter and Sir Thomas Beecham, and let any one of them conduct the London Philharmonic Orchestra in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony from behind a screen, and I do not believe that there is a single musical critic living who would hit on the right conductor except by a fluke. And then, when they had all had their guesses, I should perform the Lady Teazle act with the screen, and lead forward Mr. Basil Cameron, by all that's wonderful!

I am told that *La Charrette Fantôme* at the Embassy was directed by the same man who made *Carnet de Bal*, Julien Duvivier. This to me is like saying that to-day's dry bread comes from the same shop as yesterday's chocolate éclair. What do I care about who made any film if I cannot get interested in it? I just could not

of disguise. Though he had painted a bully's look on his face, every time M. Fresnay turned to speak he told me that he was nothing of the sort. I am sorry to see so little to like in this, probably the last of the French films. They have been a wonderful and a memorable series.

In *The Green Cockatoo* at the Ritz you get this situation. A dying man hands a young girl the knife with which he has been stabbed and tells her to find his brother and inform him



A SCENE IN "LA CHARRETTE FANTÔME"

Louis Jouvet as Georges and Pierre Fresnay as David who is next on the list as driver of the phantom chariot



ANOTHER SCENE IN "LA CHARRETTE FANTÔME"

Micheline Francey as Sister Elizabeth and some of the old crones in the Salvation Army hostel

get interested in this story of a bully and a French Salvation Army lass woven into a symbolical something about a white death-cart which forces its way through walls and houses. Perhaps I didn't believe in this story because I didn't believe in the bully of Pierre Fresnay. This is easily the most elegant of French actors—I shall never forget his performance in the play of *Les Trois Valses* in Paris a year or two ago—and he seemed to me to give the bully away completely by the elegant manner in which he lifted his head or turned his neck. Detectives are always said to spot a man by his back and, this being so, are completely indifferent to beards, wigs, spectacles, warts, and all the other paraphernalia

who the murderer is. The girl then does find the brother, but without being aware of his identity. Now the police, who think the girl committed the crime, are at her heels, and she and the young man go careering over half the Home Counties without her breathing that one syllable which would promptly put an end to the entire mystery. Had I been appointed to direct this story I should have said to the author: "Very good, Mr. Graham Greene! Take it away and bring us another! Since you wrote *Brighton Rock* you are perfectly able to do much better than this!" But even as it is, *The Green Cockatoo* as a film has considerable excitement. It is one of those films

which are so well done and so well acted that you don't realize their fundamental improbability until you are half-way home from the cinema. Some of the best of the acting comes from Mr. John Mills, from some unidentifiable blackguards, and from Mr. Robert Newton for as long as he is allowed to remain alive and unmurdered.

But the best thing at both the Embassy and the Ritz—it formed a part of both programmes—was the entirely remarkable documentary film showing the British Navy at its work of conveying ships to and from this country.



THE CONVICTS ON THEIR DESPERATE VOYAGE

A wonderful scene in this great picture: (l. to r.) J. Edward Bromberg as a half-crazy convict; Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Albert Dekker as a Cockney safe-cracker, and John Arledge, another desperado

CLARK GABLE
AND
JOAN CRAWFORD
IN
"STRANGE CARGO"

A DEVIL'S ISLAND
ESCAPE THRILLER

The famous stars, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, are held to be given one of the best acting chances of their careers in this exciting story of how a picturesque desperado escapes, along with a lot of others who are unquestionably quite justly condemned, from L'Ile du Diable. This locality is not specifically mentioned, but no doubt is left as to where the story is meant to be laid. Clark Gable is André Verne and Joan Crawford Julie, a cynical little cabaret entertainer who helps him to make his get-away. The story is a good one and the characterisation quite outstanding. *Strange Cargo* opened its London career at the Leicester Square Theatre on July 19



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Frankness Without Malice

HOW few people can be frank without being rude! Often because they so enjoy their frankness that they make it the covering for malice, yet feel they have achieved perfect honesty. I think it must be a very comforting illusion because I so seldom experience it myself. The trouble is that to speak one's mind leaves too often the spoken word behind it while the mind has suffered

power, no matter how very nice they can be to those with power over them. If you can't get the best out of people by being kind and considerate towards them, you had better avoid them altogether. There is no other comfortable alternative. And yet, so many people seem to find this solution between themselves and others so difficult! They ask for the answer back and yet are infuriated when they get it. Their grievances reach, if not to Heaven, then at least to the woman in the flat upstairs. Together, a grand time is had by both, since she, too, is certain to be suffering from wrongs.

OF course, most of us talk far too much about other people. Many of us have nothing else to say. Many of us would, I believe, remain mentally paralysed if all personalities were taboo. Especially, I must confess, women. If you

pause for a while to listen to conversation between women ninety-nine times out of every hundred such groups will be discussing somebody else. That is, perhaps, why men find their society so restful. No other man, except in some real crisis, will be bothered to listen to another man's long exposition of his own egotism. A woman will eat it up. Every word he utters is, so to speak, giving her a clue. And by that clue she knows exactly how and where to steer her course. It puts her wise to her next move—if any. She is always so interested in other people. And man, often the poor "mutt," imagines that he is pouring out his innermost feelings into an understanding void—so to speak. Love, apart from sex attraction, is three-parts the divine opportunity to talk about oneself. It is when both know the whole story by heart that ennui can so easily creep in. Nature alone, by providing a family—or, more rarely, the mind providing some intense mutual enthusiasm—can fill in the blank. Simple chatter soon chats itself to extinction. Maybe that is why the person who boasts of hundreds of friends really hasn't one. And when conversation degenerates into sheer gossip, the party may as well break up.

To be perfectly honest, gossip without malice is as dull as a society column in a ladies' newspaper. Malice is its attraction as well as its danger. Otherwise, conversation is simply pleasant prattle and so a waste of anybody's time. Some few people, however, do manage to be able to gossip about other people without concentrating, metaphorically speaking, entirely on the spot on the nose. They regard them at their full measure, or as much of that measure as facts and circumstances reveal. It is a portrait, not a snap. And when it is well and shrewdly done, it is invariably a most interesting entertainment.

WELL, such an entertainment is Janet Flanner's book, "An American in Paris" (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.). It is a book of personal gossip and criticism without malice; with, in reality, Paris as its least concern, except that many of the men and women discussed made the French capital, before the war, their social, political, or merely frivolous background. Indeed, it is so little concerned about Paris that it starts off with an erudite, but very kindly, study of the character of Queen Mary. Let me add that Janet Flanner, whoever she may really be, seems to know what she is talking about, and, as she is writing for the American public, she knows exactly what they want to hear. Her portrait of Queen Mary is the kind of portrait which every loyal Englishman will recognise immediately—smile at in deep affection, and unhesitatingly revere. Nevertheless, Queen Mary finds herself in strange company, though Elsa Maxwell, Isadora Duncan, Lily Pons, Chanel, Schiaparelli—to say nothing of some recent French criminals, including an expert study of Weidmann, the mass-murderer—are reached *via* a further erudite study of Mr. Bullitt, the American Ambassador, and the story of the artist Picasso and his group. Indeed, the book starts with the clever character-study of a great Queen and woman and ends with Hitler! (Continued on page 120)



AN OXFORD PERSONALITY

Mr. John Frederick Vale Haden has been a guide to the University City for thirty years, and as probably millions know his historical knowledge is second to none. Amongst the many renowned people he has known when they were up at Oxford have been Sir John Simon, the late Lord Birkenhead, Mr. C. B. Fry, Mr. Gladstone, the G.O.M., Lord Rosebery, Lord Curzon and Cardinal Newman

a later illumination. And the words remain. Besides, they may not have been well-chosen in the first instance. Often not at all the kind of words which, had you been able to write out your verdict beforehand, you would have employed. About your own opinions and convictions you may use the words which come most readily to the mind. But how very few people there are who can reveal the truth about themselves as they see it; how many there are who reveal the truth, as they conceive it, concerning other people and imagine they have achieved some moral purpose. Well, perhaps they have; probably they haven't. There is so much risk attached to final judgment. Even sin can have its sunnier side.

The only quarrel I have personally with these plain, outspoken people who make a practice of always speaking their mind, is that they are so prone to criticise and so very loath to praise. Yet everybody knows that, except in regard to the deliberately wilful, a compliment gets almost anything done quicker and better than a reproof. At least, with the majority of people. Those who are, so to speak, ever in readiness to jump nearly always land on concrete. It takes a particularly fine character to be nice to those within its



Poole, Dublin.

LORD AND LADY DUNSANY AT T.C.D.

A snapshot taken just after Ireland's poet-dramatist had received the Honorary Degree of D.Litt. Lord Dunsany has been recently doubly honoured, for he has also been entertained at dinner by the Friends of the Irish Academy of Letters. Lord Dunsany has made a gift of one of his manuscripts to the Red Cross—a valuable contribution



MR. HERWALD RAMSBOTHAM AND HIS DOG ON THE LAWN AT KINGSWOOD,
HEATH, NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AND HIS WIFE AT THEIR BEDFORDSHIRE HOME

The Rt. Hon. Herwald Ramsbotham, one of the few Cabinet Ministers to retain his post in the change-over from Mr. Chamberlain's Government to that of Mr. Churchill, is the President of the Board of Education. He was educated at Uppingham and University College, Oxford, where he took a Double First; was called to the Bar in 1911, the year in which he married. He served in the last war and won the Military Cross and was mentioned three times in despatches. He has represented the constituency of Lancaster since 1929, his grandfather having lived in Lancashire, and in 1931 he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, of which he is now President. His wife was formerly Miss Doris Violet de Stein. They are seen in the picture below, on the terrace of their country house near Leighton Buzzard, which was built about ten years ago on a site which was once part of the forest

(ON THE RIGHT) MR. RAMSBOTHAM IS SEEN AT HIS DESK
IN THE STUDY



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

In between we read about the figures which have influenced French life in society, art, and crime, since the end of the last war and the beginning of this one. A human mixture of the profound and the half-silly. But the mixture is always interesting and always entertaining; a perfect dose of perfect gossip—which, however, is anything but idle. Indeed, the chapter on the late Mrs. Edith Wharton, the novelist, sums up that formidable lady and her work with remarkable aptness. "Though the first to utilise the break-up of the American mold, Mrs. Wharton," she writes, "was still the last to understand it. She saw the plot but never the point. Born for ethics, she ignored the senses. Thus even her most famous character, Lily Bart, though a drug-fiend, did not have her heart in her work. For no irresistible Baudelairean vision did she swallow her nightly quota, but as one taking an aspirin tablet, to bring on sleep or ward off a cold. Mrs. Wharton described a trained-nurse murderer, but she was one who killed the wife for professional ethics, not as passionate means to obtain the husband illegally loved. She even took up the labour problem, but as a banker takes out his typist to dine—a mere excursion out of one's class." Well, this quotation seems to me to give something of the astringent quality of this gossip-critical book. If you know your world of yesterday it will prove very amusing.

Queer Crooks

MR. A. G. STREET, whom so many readers know and love for his books on farming and country life, has broken fresh ground by an excursion into crime. "A Crook in the Furrow" (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.) is a pure detective-story and, it must be confessed, not a particularly good one. The plot, for me, never touched reality except when it touched old ground—farm life, the price of lambs, a point-to-point, and country life and vistas. The crime itself didn't strike me as being very plausible; the criminals less so. The hero and heroine, Frank and Betty, are a couple of worthless individuals, possessed of a certain charm—but not enough for you to forgive them. They fall in with a mysterious Dr. Larne, who apparently has a grudge against the police and works that grudge out of his system by planning elaborate jewel thefts. Frank and Peggy are his accomplices in this. Not, however, by helping in the actual theft, but by concealing the jewels when stolen, in medicine bottles.

Things go fairly well, under the circumstances, however, until "Coincidence" Charles comes on the scene. His official name is Detective-Inspector Jenks, and he carries so many statistics, so much detail, so many histories of crimes and criminals in his head, that an outsize in hats was the least which could be expected from him. He is, indeed, an ace of sleuths. Nevertheless, Frank and Betty outwit him in the end. We leave them—after a good deal of somewhat artificial excitement, of purposes and cross-purposes, of pursuit and flight and counter-measure—comfortably off, respected by all, of blameless local reputation, and fully conversant with a somewhat strange Wessex dialect. However, if only the very best kind of detective fiction satisfies you, you may be disappointed in Mr. Street's excursion into crime; if you are not so

particular, you will find it exciting, brightly written, and quite sufficiently puzzling for most bedtime purposes.

Doctor's Dilemma

"KIND ARE HER ANSWERS" (Longmans; 8s. 6d.), by Mary Renault, may be considered a love-story, but a love-story all lit up and temperamental. The hero, Dr. Kit Anderson, suffers from a cold wife, so he was all the more ready physically to warm himself when, on a visit to an elderly patient, he suddenly beholds a come-hither young woman in a dressing-gown. Christie is a distant relative of the doctor's patient, and is herself a skilful amateur nurse—a knowledge which she combines with the profession of an actress. Almost before Kit has recovered from the first effects of this enchanting vision, her arms are around his neck and love proceeds thereafter at a gallop. Personally, I thought Kit Anderson must have been dangerously love-starved to have been able to endure for so long the gushing passion of this young woman. We, who

don't, of course, get it all, get so much of it that the cold Mrs. Anderson sounded most refreshing.

However, either the doctor had a professional conscience or his own particular one began to stab—as stab it so often will when, so to speak, the bubbles have left the champagne rather flat. Be whichever it may, Christie began to feel at length that a



WHAT ARE THE DANGERS WE FACE?

Mary Borden, the well-known American-born authoress, and wife of Brig.-Gen. E. L. Spears, knows from personal experience the dangers we face from the Nazi organisation. She was in France with the Hadfield-Spears Motor Ambulance Unit, which she commanded, and was forced to flee across France to Bordeaux. Mary Borden is a staunch friend of Free France, and with the sanction of General de Gaulle is preparing a second unit to continue the work of nursing French soldiers in this country or overseas. She is seen in the picture addressing the meeting of the "Americans-in-Britain Outpost" at Caxton Hall, giving an account of her terrible experiences in France



"AMERICANS-IN-BRITAIN OUTPOST"

Professor Arthur Newell, an American who has lived in England for nine years, has been working for an organisation called the Anglo-American Associates, lecturing to English Rotary Clubs and Public Schools about America and then returning to tell America about Britain, which at a time like the present is an invaluable contribution towards the friendship and understanding of the two great democracies. The "Americans-in-Britain Outpost" which has recently been formed met at Caxton Hall, Westminster, to discuss the work, which includes sending to the States news-letters, broadcasts, and Press statements on the situation here and what it calls for. Professor Newell was formerly at Robert's College, Constantinople, as Professor of International Relationship

great love should not always be breaking away at the sound of footsteps, so she becomes engaged to another man. Well, maybe great love which has to break away so often really lives on these surreptitious partings. They lend something of glamour and romance to the comings-together again when the footsteps have passed. At any rate, Christie simply could not endure the thought of marrying the other man. Her arms are once more round Kit's neck and his arms round her waist, 'mid breathless ecstasy. The roar of sentimental gush is re-established. And if you like sentiment and to read about love-making and feel that, together, "this is indeed life itself," then you will thoroughly enjoy this story and find it very satisfying indeed.



CAMERA AND CRAYON: FRANCES DAY

Antony Beauchamp

Two impressions of one of the most glamorous stars of the revue stage, the screen and the radio, and, above all, an outstanding figure in that form of entertainment known as cabaret. Since the outbreak of war Frances Day has worked untiringly with the E.N.S.A. entertaining the troops, and her Penny Fund for comforts for them has been a big success. *Black and Blue* was one of her most recent stage appearances, with Vic Oliver, and she will be seen more or less soon with him in the new film, *Room for Two*. In September, all being well, Frances Day will appear in a straight play, *Divorce for Chrystabel*, by Lieutenant-General George Mathew

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

TO get away from bloody-fronted war does no one any harm at the moment, and so let us turn to the activities of those very admirable people, the amateur entertainers, who are ready to do their pleasantest to supplement the kindly efforts of the professionals, who, as ever, are nobly coming to the rescue of the bored and the nervous. I understand that in this country the amateur Thespian is very well disciplined and highly competent. I have no personal knowledge of this sort of thing outside of that hot-bed of the amateur stage, a place called Simla, the Venusberg of the Himalayas, and I retain some vivid and almost fluorescent recollections of what used to happen almost inevitably when something was toward at that wonderful little pill-box The Gaiety in The Mall.

NO one seemed to knock much fun out of it, bar perhaps once, when a chap I know had to play the part of a valet to the lady's maid by the most attractive wife of a peculiarly unprepossessing major in the Sugar and Tea. (Supply and Transport.) As far as I could gather, however, all this chap managed to do was to get himself violently disliked by the lady's husband, who was one of those people who had never learned that you ought not to play tennis in your braces (plus, of course, trousers). The actor was supposed to kiss the lady in one scene, and he always had a cold shiver because the S. and T. officer, who attended all rehearsals, coughed most unpleasantly at the psychological moment. The lady was also rather frightened, and after a bit said he wasn't to do it "like that." Like what? Sez you! However, this is only a mere-sidelight.

THE real war always happened over the casting of the heads or leads. Simla, as you must know, even if you have only read Kipling, is terribly Departmental. It is also even more terribly deportmental. The P's and Q's are very detrimental to any ebullition of natural emotion. I know that few people who have read "The Phantom Rickshaw" will believe this: but it is true. For instance, where theatricals are concerned, the poor O.U.D.S.-trained loon who undertook to run the show was supposed to have a due regard to Departmental seniority. He was almost inevitably in a Department himself, and you can therefore see, without a magnifying-glass, upon what sort of spot that put him.

An example: the wife of the D.G. of his department was invariably furious if she were not cast for the heroine. One time I remember she happened to be a dame whose corsage was completely plastered with a lot of snakes and ladders and such like (in diamonds). She also wore rings on all her fingers and on her toes also, for aught known to the contrary. Her argument was, in spite of



THE ETON AMBULANCE

Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, who is Chairman of the Old Etonian Association, made the presentation of this ambulance to F.M. Sir Philip Chetwode, who is Chairman of the Joint War Organisation of the Red Cross and St. John—and also an Old Etonian. The ambulance is the gift of past and present Etonians



Hay Wrightson

LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY

Lord Stanley of Alderley is a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., and like every other sailor, has been excessively busy ever since this war started. He succeeded to the title in 1931

her being a Bárt.'s consort: "What's the use of h'avin' (accent on the aspirate) joolery if you don't wear it?" Before her marriage to the very good-looking Sir Homfray Dularkc, fourteenth Baronet, she had been the key chorine of the famous Canary Girls. Sir Homfray was a direct descendant in tail-male of the frisky Sir Lancelot du Lac, King Arthur's C.I.G.S., and the streak of wildness had never been bred out of the family. Hence The Canary!

THEN the hero was quite often a very good-looking cove in a galloping regiment with all the cut-and-thrust ideas which pervaded the cavalry when it was cavalry. The heroine, equally quite often, the lily maid wife of a furiously jealous G.O.C. a Division of the Northern Army. How could they really let themselves rip? Same situation as that fellow and the lady's maid, only much worse. Generals are terribly powerful in Simla. Then there was the bother about the maids' parts. There was the case of the wife of the Legal Member of Council who wanted her husband to lag the producer for libel for even suggesting such an outrage. She said that she had never played anything but Marie Tempest parts! Shucks!

There was ever the vulgar-man part bother. He absolutely jibbed at dropping his Oxford College accent and his "H's." He said "Damn it, a chap can't do that sort of thing, blast it!" The lady who played the vamp parts unfailingly ended up in a blood war with the heroine, because the hero was her walk-out for the duration of the Simla season—and on top of this there was always the trouble with the genial cove who played the silly ass part. His idea was to have a baby bottle of The Widow between every entrance and to trust to Allah that he would remember a word or two of his lines. Happy days! That is if you had a sufficiently big sense of humour to see the fun.

THE Prime Minister's greatest speech mentioned most things; both those against us and those for us. The hard facts boiled down are these: (1) that we have a stronger and more mobile Navy than we have ever had in the whole of our glorious sea record; (2) that we have a tremendous moral ascendancy in the air and are rapidly on the way to obtain an equally great material ascendancy; and (3) that we have an Army concentrated and not dispersed upon any chivalrous but nevertheless wild-cat adventure. Norway, Belgium, Holland, Northern France were all wild-cat and chivalrous. We may see Public Enemy No. 1 try to invade us. As a humble private individual I say: "I hope to heaven he will try it!" He has a hornets' nest waiting for him and he knows it only too damned well. He and his Miserable Jackal also know that there is something more coming to them, and it will be unpleasant.

K.C.B. FOR THE CHIEF OF THE BOMBER COMMAND



PRELUDE: PLOTTING AN OPERATION

The service record of the newest K.C.B. in the Royal Air Force, Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal, A.O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command, is a story of which any boy might dream and no doubt many a boy will. He went straight from Winchester and Oxford into the Air Force and, as Corporal Portal, he was mentioned in the first despatches of the then Sir John French in September 1914; he got his commission the same year after narrowly escaping death from a shell-burst; he nearly got Immelmann in 1915; he got the M.C. for gallantry in 1917, followed quickly by the D.S.O.; he got another mention in 1917, and at twenty-five he was promoted a Colonel and got a Bar to his D.S.O. There is one fact which ties this thrilling story to the alliance between our country and France—Sir Charles Portal is a Briton in achievements but his blood is Huguenot. When the last war ended, Colonel Portal joined the Royal Air Force with a permanent commission, and with his first squadron he won the Laurence Minot Bombing Trophy, himself aiming. Again, in 1928, his squadron won the trophy. Squadron-Leader Portal went further afield in 1934 to command the British Forces at Aden. Then followed India, and in 1935 two years as Instructor at the Imperial Defence College. In 1937 he was promoted Air Vice-Marshal, and in 1939 Air Member for Personnel. A phrenologist would say that Air Marshal Portal has the head of a thinker and the eyes and chin of a man of action and determination. This is true. The thoughtful qualities show themselves in his command of any administrative situation. His action is revealed in his untiring interest in actual flying. The theories of command have never lessened his early enthusiasm as a pilot, and he recently took a refresher course so that he could fly himself on official visits to outlying stations. For the recent record of what his Command has done try to keep pace with the hourly score. The R.A.F., bombers and fighters alike, are compelling the admiration of the world at large and the utmost respect of the enemy. There has never been any doubt as to its superior quality, and though the odds are still against us, the leeway is being made up very rapidly

JOURNEY'S END: AFTER THE GOOD WORK
HAS BEEN DONE



Bertram Park

AIR MARSHAL SIR CHARLES PORTAL, K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

It was perhaps no mere coincidence that an Old Wykehamist should score one of his first successes in the last war with a Winchester rifle. He hit the famous German star Immelmann, in 1915

"WOMEN AREN'T ANGELS" AT THE STRAND THEATRE

By A. V. COOKMAN

IT seems only yesterday that Mr. Robertson Hare, stiffening his chinny profile and vainly imploring his evil companions to play the game, was for the first time publicly de-bagged. The episode gave instant and infinite delight; yet nobody saw in it the hint of an altogether new variation on bed-room farce. Even Mr. Hare himself was slow on the uptake. True, he never afterwards ventured to appear in any sort of play without being de-bagged, but after remarking the indignity with an anguished "O Purgatory! O Pandemonium!" or something equally apostrophic, he would pass primly on to whatever further trials of his churchwardenly respectability the piece might demand. Perhaps he was all this while in conscious flight from a cruel destiny, but he gave no sign of it. The de-bagging remained an episode, sometimes with scarcely any apparent relation to the play in which it occurred.

Destiny has at last overtaken him. Mr. Vernon Sylvaire, reviewing the successive de-baggings and cleverly putting two and two together, has enmeshed Mr. Hare and Mr. Hare's evil genius, Mr. Alfred Drayton, in what can only be called a wardrobe farce. It is a genuinely funny farce, much

the best that these comedians have had for some time, and its success seems assured. My only fear is that the author may have overdone it, for *Women Aren't Angels* at a single bound carries wardrobe farce as far as it can conceivably go.

Army officer. The plot, if not funny in itself, keeps discreetly out of the way until the time has come to wind up the revels, and it is at any rate consistently sartorial. For the spies who have stolen the plans of a silent aeroplane are shown to have sewn them into that article of feminine attire which the professional charmer had lost, but did not conspicuously lack.

There is also this to be said for the plot. It is not (like the fuss about the jewels in the last Strand farce) a muddle which communicates itself to the audience as a muddle. Two men and one woman want clothes, and the clothes they succeed in getting are the wrong clothes. That is all, but it enables Mr. Hare to keep his solemn innocence in a continuously comic light. With unfailing skill Mr. Drayton makes the utmost of every "Heaven-give-me-patience" sort of situation. The explosive geniality of Mr. Lloyd Pearson finds its proper place. There are neat supplementary performances by Miss Judy Kelly, who

whips up embarrassment with a will, and by Miss Ethel Coleridge, the charwoman who absorbs shocks as a matter of routine. Net result: a farce which knocks most other farces of this war into a cocked hat.



JOHN BOXER (MACFARLANE), LLOYD PEARSON (MAJOR GAUNT),
ROBERTSON HARE (WILMER POPDAY), ALFRED DRAYTON (ALFRED BUNDLE)

After such an orgy of sansculottism all future de-baggings of Mr. Hare must seem an anti-climax.

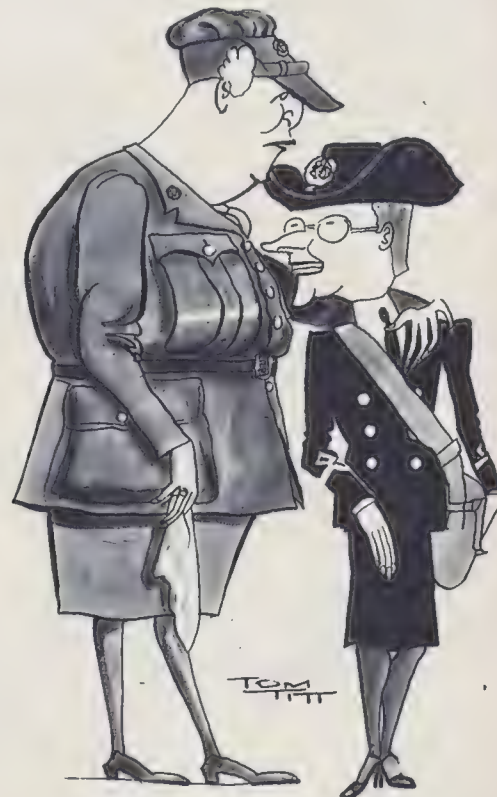
Practically the whole of the company is in this case brought to the verge of nudity. The two business-men week-ending at a cottage in an area scheduled as dangerous, and the young lady embarrassingly in pursuit of one of them are left for a long, acrimonious morning with only the pyjamas they have slept in. The professional charmer who pays the cottage mysterious flying visits comes in search of a garment which she has lost but does not conspicuously lack. The pursuing lady, pursued in turn by a formidably devoted husband, solves her problem by appropriating the charwoman's clothes and that highly respectable party is reduced to pyjamas which in style may be modish but are scarcely chaste. A kilted deserter finds, and for purposes of disguise appropriates, Mr. Hare's neat City suit; so poor Mr. Hare is doomed to an immense kilt which is forever slipping down. "O thing upon thing!" he cries, when this first happens; "O Hawk and Buzzard!" when it happens again; and, later, words fail him, it happens so often—though always at a moment nicely calculated to refresh laughter.

Analysing the comic is a grim business, and it must suffice to say that these sartorial complications, crude as they seem in the telling, are on the stage remarkably funny.

So are the two chief comedians when they find themselves in the Service dress of their wives, resisting and encouraging the blandishments of Mr. Lloyd Pearson's amorous



ETHEL COLERIDGE (MRS. FEATHERSTONE),
JUDY KELLY (FRANKIE)



RUTH MAITLAND (THELMA BUNDLE),
CONSTANCE LORNE (ELIZABETH POPDAY)

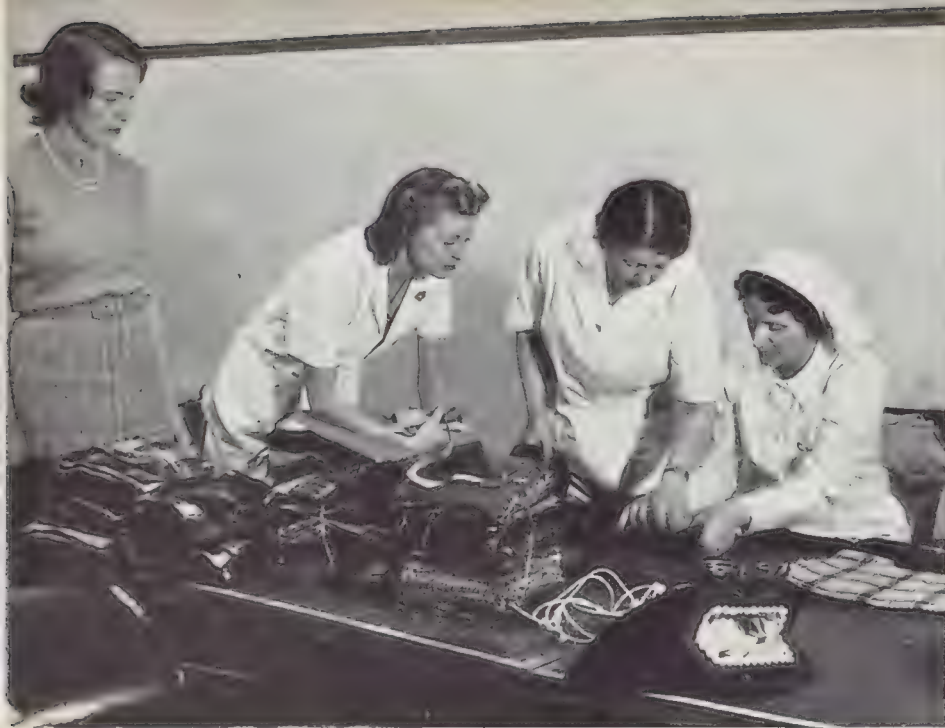


Photos: Houston Rogers

"SAM" WITHOUT HIS MUSKET
STANLEY HOLLOWAY AND HIS WIFE

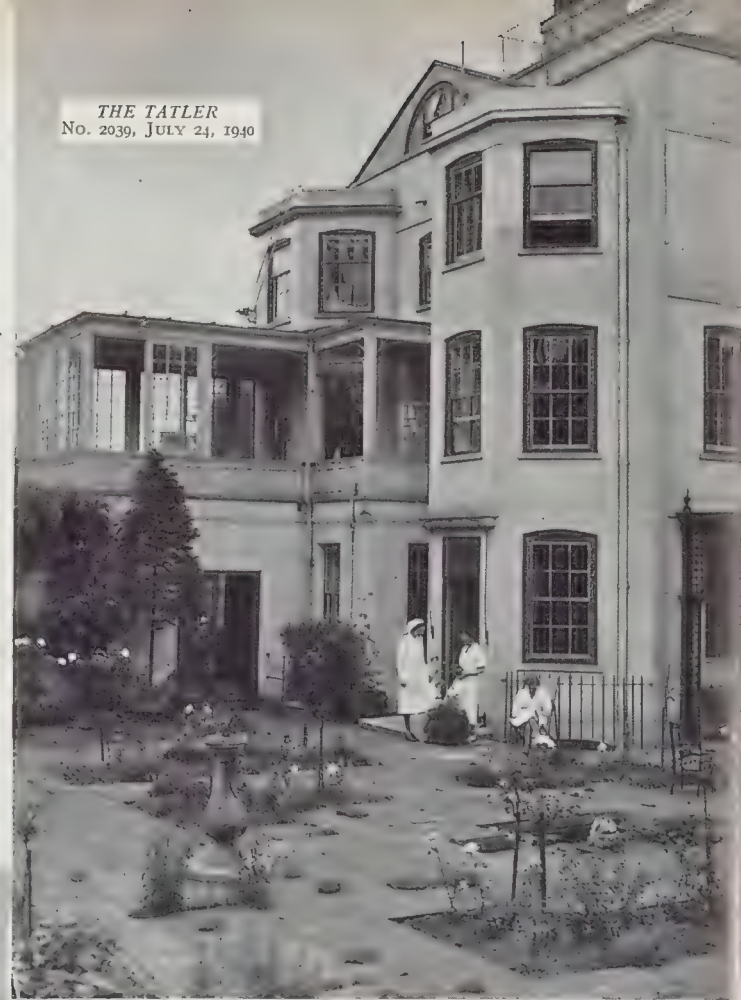
It is always a delight to listen to Stanley Holloway's fine voice and admirable Lancashire dialect, which of course comes very easily to him, being a native of the north of England. He started his career as a seaside concert artist; made his first appearance in London after the last war; was an original member of the "Co-Optimists," and remained with them for six years and reappeared with them at their revival in 1929. He is now one of that excellent team captained by Leslie Henson in Firth Shephard's *Up and Doing* at the Saville Theatre, which looks like having a non-stop run. Stanley Holloway has some very good numbers in this musical show, including a delightful new "Albert" story. His wife, Violet Lane, was also on the stage before her marriage





SELECTING MATERIAL FOR PATCHWORK BLANKETS

Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Wilkin and Pamela Lady Glenconner very busy. All the materials have been given free by Mrs. Harry Selby, so famous as the exhibitor of hunters of Olympia championship class



A GENERAL VIEW OF ADMIRAL'S HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD

In the foreground, Mrs. Stroud and Pamela Lady Glenconner
Pamela Lady Glenconner, daughter of Sir Richard and the late Lady Muriel Paget, is the chatelaine of one of the most interesting houses in Hampstead. Admiral's House was built in the eighteenth century by Admiral Barton who, after an adventurous career which included shipwreck on the Barbary Coast, being sold into slavery, rescue and court martial, ended his days firing guns to celebrate our successive victories in the Napoleonic wars. Pamela Lady Glenconner has two sons, Colin and James Tennant, and was formerly interested in child psychology. Her father, Sir Richard Paget, is the physicist who did great work on anti-submarine detection in the last war. Mrs. Latham, who has been working with Lady Glenconner since war started, is the artist wife of Peter Latham, composer, who is professor of music at the Royal Academy of Music



WORKING PARTIES ON RACQUETS COURT

In the picture are (l. to r.): Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Freed, Pamela Lady Glenconner, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Longley, Mrs. Wilkin, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Morton-Smith, Mrs. London and Mrs. Robinson. The particular job upon which they are busy is making blankets, bed-jackets and pyjamas

THE CENTRAL
HOSPITAL SUPPLY

PAMELA
LADY GLENCONNER
AND HER HELPERS
AT ADMIRAL'S HOUSE
HAMPSTEAD



PAMELA, LADY GLENCONNER AND MRS. PETER LATHAM

Photos: Tunbridge—Sedgwick

These two ladies started this scheme for the making and distribution of hospital and army supplies last September and over 3,000 garments have been turned out since war started



THE LADY MARY CLIVE

Cecil Beaton

Above is a very lovely studio portrait of Lady Mary Clive wearing a classic black velvet dress which shows off her fair hair to perfection. She is the wife of Captain M. G. D. Clive, Grenadier Guards, whom she married in 1939, and is the second of the Earl of Longford's four sisters. Her father was killed in action at the Dardanelles in 1915. A year or so before her marriage Lady Mary Clive wrote a gloriously entertaining family biography entitled "Brought Up and Brought Out," published by Cobden-Sanderson, which gave a perfect description of the conventional upbringing of herself and her family, and how she rebelled against it, particularly the enforced round of gaieties which were part of the daily round and common task of a Society débutante. Until recently, Lady Mary Clive was working in the Prisoners of War Parcels Department at St. James's Palace



THE FRONT VIEW OF CHANTMARLE, MR. AND MRS. ST. JOHN HORNBY'S
BEAUTIFUL HOUSE IN DORSET



THE LEFT WING OF CHANTMARLE
BUILT IN THE 14TH CENTURY



THE READING-CLASS: MISS JACON IN COMMAND, ROSEMARY RADFORD
READING HER PIECE

COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

No. 9:
CHANTMARLE,
DORCHESTER



MRS. ST. JOHN HORNBY AND HER GRANDDAUGHTER



(ON LEFT)
LITTLE DIPPERS
IN THE
SWIMMING-POOL

(ON RIGHT)
MISS DIANA
HORNBY
INSTRUCTING





LE WITH, BEHIND IT, THE NEW PART
BY THE OWNER



GRANDDAUGHTER MARIETTE



Chantmarle, near Dorchester, one of the loveliest houses and gardens in the South of England, is now almost entirely given over to school life, only a small part being left for the use of the owners, Mr. and Mrs. St. John Hornby and their family. It was in August last that part of the Putney Day School moved down to Dorset in preparation for the war that seemed imminent. As with many such evacuations, the arrangement proved entirely satisfactory; the children were superbly happy in their delightful country surroundings, and Mrs. Hornby and her two daughters took them all to their hearts, with the result that Mrs. Hornby has now taken over the portion of the school that went to Chantmarle and is managing it herself for the duration. Mrs. Hornby takes the Scripture classes herself. Her two daughters are busy running a canteen for the troops in the village hall. Mr. C. H. St. John Hornby is director of W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd.; his privately printed books from type designed by himself (the Ashdene Press) are well known to collectors. He married Miss Cicely Barclay. His eldest son, Michael, is still in the firm, and married Miss Nicolette Joan Ward, twin sister of Lady Stavordale, whose children are at Chantmarle School. His second son, Anthony, is in the Guards, and the third son, Edward, is in the R.A.F. Chantmarle is mainly 1612, but one wing dates back to the fifteenth century



MISS ROSAMUND HORNBY, THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE,
WITH "FOXGLOVE" AND HER FOAL "BLUEBELL"



TEATIME—AN IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE DINING-ROOM

(ON RIGHT)
AN OPEN-AIR
"CLASS-ROOM,"
MISS BROCKMAN,
ONE OF THE
MISTRESSES,
IN CHARGE



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A CASE of theft was being tried, and a wizen-faced little man, who was supposed to have seen all that had happened, was in the witness-box.

After taking the oath he turned and faced the defending counsel.

"You say the fence is ten feet high," said the latter. "And that you were standing on the ground—not mounted on a ladder or a box or anything?"

"That is correct," replied the witness.

"Ah," went on defending counsel, a note of triumph in his voice, "then perhaps you can explain how you, a man little more than five feet in height, could see over a fence ten feet high and watch the prisoner's actions?"

The witness stared back defiantly at the defending counsel.

"There's a hole in that fence," he replied calmly.

A musician walked into a pawnshop and deposited a violin on the counter.

"Here's a violin," he said, "that cost me fifty pounds. I'd like to have a fiver on it."

The pawnbroker looked the instrument over and seemed satisfied. He handed the musician five pounds. As the violinist was going out, he noticed that the pawnbroker had placed the violin under his chin.

The musician returned. "I say," he said, "can you really play the instrument?"

The pawnbroker shook his head.

"Then," queried the violinist, "why do you hold the violin under your chin?"

The pawnbroker pointed with his free hand to the overcrowded shop. "I've got to," he explained. "I have no other room for it!"

TWO Broadway knuts sat in a restaurant. Each had a cup of coffee in front of him, and a single newspaper was spread out on the table so that both might read at the same time.

The first pointed to a picture of the Dionne quintuplets.

"Look at those quins," he said. "Aren't they growing up to be charming young ladies?"

The second glanced at the photo.

"Yeah," he grunted. "Sure—they're okay." He sipped his coffee and then spoke suddenly.

"By the way," he inquired sharply, "has Mr. Dionne become the father of any more quintuplets?"

The first knut put down his cup.

"More quintuplets?" he echoed. "Of course not!"

The other lighted a cigarette.

"Just as I thought," he murmured wisely. "I always thought he was just a flash in the pan!"

A film director had been on location for two weeks, and in the course of making the picture had fallen head over heels in love with the leading lady. Upon his return, rumours of the affair reached the director's wife.

On the night of his homecoming, they retired. The director dropped off to sleep, and in no time was talking in his slumbers. "Darling, you know I love you. You're the sweetest thing in the world. There is no woman who could mean so much to me." Suddenly he awakened, glanced at his wife and sensed the situation. Immediately he turned over, pretended he was asleep, and remarked, "Cut! Now bring in the horses."

BUTCH was in a violent mood. He gripped the bars of his prison cell and cursed vigorously. His cell-mate looked up.

"Takin' it hard to-day, ain'tcha, Butch?" he asked. "What's the use of carryin' on like that?"

Butch gritted his teeth.

"It's gettin' so I can't stand it," he raved. "Twenty years in front of me! Twenty years in this rotten cell, where a guy ain't even got room to stretch!"

His cell-mate decided to change the subject.

"Say, Butch," he said, "you never told me this—but what put you behind bars in the first place?"

Butch's face hardened. "Bad company," he replied. "That's what done it. When I got in with bad company I was sunk."

His cell-mate nodded. "You got something there, Butch," he agreed. "Bad company is what puts a guy in the clink."

Butch bit his lip.

"You're tellin' me," he snarled. "I'd still be a free man to-day if I hadn't got mixed up with judge and jury!"

THE son of the house had been on a binge the night before, and at breakfast his father had a straight talk to him about drink and late hours.

"By the way," he broke off, "there's one thing I should very much like to know. How on earth did you manage to get upstairs without your mother hearing you?"



"Before you go, my son, here's the watch your grandfather wore at Waterloo. Promise me that you'll keep up the payments."



*After a
Guinness—*

*the smile's
on you!*



GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES—No. 8



STRANGE DESCENT OF PARACHUTISTS ON DECK

BY WING COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

Unlucky this time, quite obviously! You cannot beat or deceive the Navy and though a most gallant and chivalrous service, it is not likely to have any mercy upon ersatz 'ers. Pineapple grenades in the marketing basket may put ideas into the Huns' heads but the boat-hook defence so vividly portrayed by the artist may make some of the parachute oykes think a bit more than twice. If they want to get to windward of the Navy they will have to pick some better-lookers than the horrid specimens seen above



SQUADRON-LEADER AND MRS. ORR-EWING
AND J. F. GODSELL (HARROW)

Hopeful Harrow in what the Duke of Wellington might have called a "damned near-run thing." J. F. Godsell got two Eton wickets and caught one



MORE HARROW: L. TO R., GILES REID-WALKER, MISS JEAN REID-WALKER
AND P./O. AND MRS. REID-WALKER

All good Harrovians, of course, believe that if this match had been played at Eton, Harrow would have capped last year's eight wickets victory. Eton says "Sez they!"

ETON BEATS HARROW ON HARROW'S PLAYING-FIELDS



MR. AND MRS. JOHN CURLE

On the way to the battle arena, which was the Sixth Form ground at Harrow. The match was a good battle, even though no startling scores were registered



BRINGING UP THE "AMMUNITION"

Mr. P. M. Philip Kindersley and Mr. de Knoop, both Brigade of Guards, attending to a very important part of any Eton and Harrow match, lunch-time, which, especially at a war-time contest, is even more intriguing than the cricket



COMPANY COMMANDER J. PETHWICK, A.T.S.,
AND HER SON

More Harrovian supporters. When the last Eton wicket went in they wanted six runs to win and they just got them!



(LEFT) THE RT. HON. L. S. AMERY, SIR CHARLES SELIGMAN
AND MR. PETER CASTLE

Some more distinguished Harrovians, who no doubt were full of hope when the picture was taken

(RIGHT) MRS. BULLOUGH AND
HER SON ALISTAIR

At the tea interval, when Harrow seemed to have more than a fighting chance. Until last year, they had not won since 1908



THE HOME FRONT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

Aluminium Answer

CALLING at W.V.S. headquarters near St. James's Park, I found the Salvage Department in full cry, directing and acknowledging the nation-wide answer to Lord Beaverbrook's demand for pots and pans. Mrs. J. W. Field and a Flying Officer from the Air Ministry, were attempting to answer four telephones—the ether charged with aluminium. "We never anticipated such a vast and speedy response," said Xenia Field, who in seven months has graduated as one of Lady Reading's right hands, and is now in sole command of Salvage. Controlling sixteen hundred collecting centres, and almost as many subsidiary dumps, she is in a position to store up material for another play (her last was in partnership with Roland Pertwee), to be written "afterwards," when she intends visiting Gilbert Miller's father-in-law, Mr. Jules "Busybee" Bache, who has invited her to La Colmena (trans.: Beehive), his Palm Beach retreat, for the "first fortnight of Peace." Others working at W.V.S. H.Q. are Miss Catherine Chatfield (last met with Miss Betty Askwith, who is Red-Crossing), Miss Esmé Glyn, Mrs. Denis Maxwell, and Lady "Eve" Beauchamp, who directs the Emergency Department, which answers every kind of question with high-speed efficiency.

The Great Evacuation

MRS. DENIS ("DORA") MAXWELL and her husband, who is Lord Farnham's sailor brother, were among thousands of parents thrown out of gear by the postponement of Government Seavacuation. Now they plan to send schoolgirl Elizabeth on her own, or possibly with Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, who hopes to take Lucinda, her fascinating red-headed four-year-old, to the States. Mrs. Harold Huth and two baby daughters are bound for Hollywood, whither another actor's wife, Lady (Cedric) Hardwicke, has sailed with Edward, who was loath to leave private school, but pleased with the prospect of seeing his father for the first time in three years. They went off about the same time as a musician's wife, Mrs. Geoffrey Toye (who has an American daughter by her first marriage) and her small Toye. Cathleen Nesbitt's schoolgirl daughter is another exportee (grim word!) from legal and theatrical

circles, and the solicitor-peer, Lord Morris, has received news of the safe arrival in Canada of his four infants and their beautiful, but unfortunately delicate, mother. It seems to me that

mothers who are not constitutionally capable of W.A.A.F.-ing and F.A.N.Y.-ing should be encouraged to accompany their offspring overseas, thus saving their own nerves and those of all around them here, and, incidentally, leaving the hearties more to eat. But that is not the official view.



AN AMERICAN NAVAL WEDDING IN ENGLAND

H.E. the American Ambassador, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, at the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Whinney to Ensign William Summers Mailliard, U.S.N., at St. Michael's Church, Bray. The bride, who is only eighteen, met her future husband at a party given in London by Captain A. G. Kirk, the U.S. Naval Attaché, whilst she was still a schoolgirl. In the group are (l. to r.) Captain A. G. Kirk, the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Kennedy, Mrs. T. P. Croysdale, the bride's mother, and Mr. Croysdale, her stepfather



QUEEN MARY'S VISIT TO THE TRINKET FUND EXHIBITION

This "Spare a Trinket" fund is a subsidiary branch of the Duchess of Northumberland's Benevolent and Comforts Fund for the A.T.S., and the exhibition is being held at Spink and Sons, King Street. Her Majesty was received by Mrs. Brian Thursby-Pelham and the Dowager Marchioness Townshend. Gifts may still be sent to the Honorary Appeals Secretary, 42, Cadogan Place, S.W.1. In the above group with Queen Mary are Mrs. Gordon Barry, Mrs. Brian Thursby-Pelham, founder of this Fund, and the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend

Hands Across the Sea

EVERYONE who has had anything to do with getting children out of this country in the last few months expresses unqualified admiration for the manner in which each case is handled by the American Embassy. It was Mr. Kennedy himself who planned the smooth-running auxiliary department in Grosvenor House ballroom, where British applicants for visas are "taken care of." to use a kindly American phrase. The huge room, studded with desks for the personnel, and little gilt chairs for mothers, the children running about excitedly, or being led by charming volunteer receptionists to a doctor in the gallery, provides a scene which should be more fully recorded on the newsreels.

Among the helpers are Mrs. "Foxey" Gwynne, who hands out visas to the lucky ones in the late afternoon; Lady Moira Combe, who spaces the interviews, and her sister, Lady Sheila Durlacher, whose job it is to answer every type of query from bemused new arrivals. They, with many others, and above all the various American Consular officials, make what might become a tiring and anxious process, quite a happy party. Mothers and children who have left, or hope to do so soon, include Cyril Maude's American-born daughter-in-law, whose brother is Ned Murray, the New York artist; one of Lord Cowdray's sisters, Mrs. Robin Gurdon; her cousin Dreda Burrell; and Mrs. Edward Wills, whose elder daughter is almost as accomplished a tap-dancer as Princess Elizabeth.

Several of the Duke of Devonshire's hierarchy of nieces and nephews have gone to Canada (where their grandfather was a much-respected Governor-General), and another generation of Cecils—Lord Burghley's children—has sailed to safety. Among artists, I hear that Tommy Lowinsky's children are crossing unaccompanied. Thousands more parents will seize the opportunity gratefully when it comes. (Continued on page 136)

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VIVIEN LEIGH AND LAURENCE OLIVIER AT Ciro's
These famous stars on stage and screen are hoping to be married in the autumn. Laurence Olivier is training to be a pilot and will return to England to join the R.A.F. His most recent film is *Rebecca*, and Vivien Leigh in *Gone With the Wind* has scored a tremendous hit



NEWLY-MARRIED MR. AND MRS. DAN TOPPING
Miss Sonja Henie, the famous Norwegian skating champion and film-star, seen supping at Ciro's, New York's newest night-club, with Mr. Dan Topping, the American millionaire sportsman, to whom she was recently married in Chicago. Her latest film was *Everything Happens at Night*, produced by Darryl E. Zannuck, in a lovely Swiss setting

NIGHT LIFE IN NEW YORK



CECIL DE MILLE WITH "MIDNIGHT" STARS

Don Ameche and Claudette Colbert are evidently hearing a good story from director Cecil de Mille, for whom these two well-known artists are appearing in the film *Midnight*, at the Lux Radio Theatre. Claudette Colbert, who is one of the highest-paid film-stars, will be seen with Joel McCrea in *Arise, My Love* and also in *Boom Town*, with Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr. Don Ameche will be remembered in the part of Stephen Foster in *Swanee River*, at the Gaumont Theatre, London



OPENING NIGHT OF THE PIRATES' DEN

At a new night-club in New York Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper are seen surprised by the pirate at their table. Gary Cooper is appearing in Cecil de Mille's finest production since *The Sign of the Cross*, his first technicolour film, thrilling and spectacular *North-West Mounted Police*, supported by Madeleine Carroll (now safely returned to America)



THE HON. MRS. HERBRAND ALEXANDER AND MR. DAVID HOPE-JOHNSTONE
Mrs. Herbrand Alexander is Lord Bellew's younger sister and the wife of Lord Caledon's brother



MR. SIMON MAFFEY SITS ONE OUT WITH HIS MOTHER, LADY MAFFEY

Sir John Maffey has been British Representative in Eire since 1939. Mr. Simon Maffey is in the Guards and was on short leave when the picture was taken



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. DENIS DALY, OF RUSSBOROUGH HOUSE
Colonel Daly rejoined his cavalry unit immediately on the outbreak. He is well known as an owner



MRS. GEORGE ROBINSON AND EX-PRESIDENT W. T. COSGRAVE

Mrs. Robinson, the former Miss Kennedy, is a sister of Lady Jocelyn, who married Lord Roden's son and heir. The ex-President is a very good man on a horse and an ardent Ward Unionist

LAST WEEK AT LEOPARDSTOWN

They carry on the jumping game in Ireland practically all through the summer, and at this particular meeting they had a crack field out in the Sandymount 'Chase (won by Mr. J. Cox's "Drum-billa," nicely ridden by the owner's son), and amongst the beaten were "Jack Chaucer," winner of both the Red Cross 'Chase and the Irish Grand National, and "Knockadroleen," winner of the Ulster Grand National—so there was no lack of quality. Life in Ireland appears to go on much as usual, in spite of all rumblings and rumours of threatened invasion



Poole, Dublin

LADY NIXON AND THE VICOMTE DE FONTARCE
The famous French racing owner has had his horses in Ireland since the war—very wisely—and had one running at this meeting ("Bland Wing," second in the Bray Plate). Lady Nixon is Sir Christopher Nixon's charming wife, the former Miss Louise Clery



*"My last-thing-at-night drink
is Ovaltine"*
says Pat Kirkwood

PAT KIRKWOOD writes: "It is generally admitted that one of the brightest shows in Town is 'Black Velvet,' at the Hippodrome. I have been flattered by the many people who have kindly paid tribute to my own efforts to make it such a success, but I think I ought to tell you that some of the praise belongs to 'Ovaltine.' My last-thing-at-night drink of 'Ovaltine' ensures that I get a long, restful sleep and wake full of energy, ready for a busy day that ends very, very late."

World-wide experience shows that there is nothing like 'Ovaltine.' Its exceptional value in every emergency is being amply demonstrated to-day. After a period of nervous tension, for example, 'Ovaltine' has outstanding advantages. Its special

properties rapidly soothe the nerves, quickly induce sleep and help you to gain the utmost benefit from your sleeping hours.

Prepared from Nature's finest foods, 'Ovaltine' provides concentrated nutriment to every cell and tissue of body, brain and nerves. Its pre-eminent nerve-restoring properties are largely derived from the new-laid eggs used in its manufacture. **No tonic food beverage could be complete without eggs.**

For these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your constant stand-by. Remember—**'Ovaltine' results are obtained only from 'Ovaltine.'**

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AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Safe Areas

ONE definition of a safe area is a part where the local inhabitants introduce themselves to you by offering to show you where the bombs fell. Conversely, danger areas are places where they have not seen or heard an aeroplane for months. The interesting part about this reversal of accepted ideas is that it is teaching the people of this country that, although bombing is always extremely trying, the risks of being hit in all except concentrated bombing are small.

I always like to quote two people on this subject, for they seem to put the whole thing in the vividest possible manner. First there is Wing Commander T. R. Cave-Brown-Cave, who has asserted that if you live in a town of military importance the chances of being hit are

750 to 1 against. Second there is the Chinese sage—now temporarily engaged on the distressingly commonplace work of leading armed forces in the field. He put it that the probability of being struck by a bomb may profitably be compared with the probability of being struck by the excrement of a thoughtless or ill-mannered bird. The birds of the air are without number. They are as the sands of the desert of Shant-Tzi. No air force



FORMATION-FLYING AT ITS BEST

This wonderfully good picture was taken recently of some 'planes of the Hawker "Audax" type belonging to an Advanced Training Squadron and all flown by pupils

comes near them in numerical strength. Yet the honourable pedestrian does not live in perpetual fear of receiving their misguided attentions. Nor, then, need the same intellectual personage fear being struck by a weightier missile.

Concentrated Attack

THERE is, however, always that difference—to which I have already alluded—between dispersed attack such as we have been receiving up to the time I write these words, and concentrated attack, when a relatively small area is to be blotted out as part of a military operation. In the blotting-out process, the risk of being hit is obviously very great. Good cover and good air defence are then the only adequate answers to the problems of protection.

Our air defences have been doing marvellously well. This week in which I am writing has been a series of triumphs for the Royal Air Force, and a series of losses for the enemy. And, incidentally, I must mention the finest broadcast I have ever listened to. It was the one by Charles Gardner from a recording-van which happened to be at a point where it was possible actually to witness and record a big air-fight in progress. This was a really brilliant piece of broadcasting, and I heartily congratulate Charles upon it. It put into the shade every "immediate" sports and other "thrill" type of broadcast that has ever come over the air. It took you right up to watch the battle and share the anxieties and excitements of the participants. And that climax, when the section of "Spitfires" finally hounded after the Messerschmitts, closing up on them as they tore out over the sea, was truly magnificent.

Atlantic Line

AMONG the best air news of the war—apart from the wonderful work of the Royal Air Force—was the report which was circulating at the time I was writing these notes that the Atlantic air line was to be reopened with our flying-boats. This war is going to be won and lost in the air. And every use of aviation by us is a step towards victory. If we can establish air lines between the British Isles and the United States of America, our Dominions and Colonies, we shall be increasing our potential strength.

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Friends in France

I WONDER what has happened to certain Englishmen who were prominently identified with the motor trade in France. One is Harry Ainsworth, of the Hotchkiss Company; another Graeme Fenton, of the same concern; and a third W. F. Bradley, one of the best-known motoring journalists on the Continent. Ainsworth was well known in England, for during and immediately after the last war he managed the Hotchkiss factory in Coventry, where his naïve personality made him many friends. Some of the earliest post-war Morris cars were fitted with engines built under the Ainsworth ægis, and very good engines they were. Then, a year or two later, the Morris concern took over the Hotchkiss factory and Ainsworth went to the head works of the French concern in Paris. In those days one of his principal assistants was L. P. Lord, who rose to a position of great eminence in the Morris organisation and within the last year or two went over to Austins, where he was responsible for a whole range of new models. To-day, in addition to his Austin interests, he holds an important post in the Government's munition drive.

Graeme Fenton is another old friend. A long, long time ago he and his father built lightweight motor-bicycles and cycles in France. And when, in pre-1914 times, we used to take over teams of hill-climbing and racing motor-cyclists to compete in the chief events round about Paris, Fenton was always our guide, philosopher and friend. He spoke French like a native and was as efficient in piloting our cavalcade of single-g geared, high-compression and ear-splitting bog-wheels across Paris as he was in showing us the night life of the Gay City. Both Ainsworth and Fenton made a practice of coming over every year for our Motor Show, at which the Hotchkiss and its allied car, the Amilcar, were exhibited.

The third missing Englishman, W. F. Bradley, was probably the most trusted technical journalist in the whole of Europe. He had free access to the most secret experimental shops of all the great car manufacturers, and actually acted as manager on one occasion for a French team which raced at Indianapolis. Bradley, a Yorkshireman, originally was Continental correspondent to the *Autocar*, then to the *Motor*, and then to the *Autocar* again. His descriptions of the big Continental road races were the most accurate, vivid and readable stories. The last time I met him was upon his return from exploring the proposed London-Istanbul trans-European motor route. He chose an Armstrong-Siddeley car and, I rather think, took his daughter, Margaret, with him. Anyway, she, being a skilful artist, made a series of the most amusing sketches of the adventures that befell the party.

Two-Wheel Training

MENTION of these early motor-cycling trials reminds me that a new order of the Director of Military Training makes it compulsory for all Army officers to master the art of riding a motor-bike or sitting on a pillion. In recent years the Army has taken an increasing interest in the practical use of motor-cycles and has even entered teams of riders in International long-distance trials. One such team was actually in Germany on the very eve of this war. The Germans, too, sent teams to these trials, and a year or two ago impressed everyone with the thoroughness with which they tackled the job. They did the strictest training and left no stone unturned to win the trophy.



HOLLYHOCK TIME IN BERKSHIRE

The car in front of the picturesque old house at Blewbury is a 2.6-litre M.G. Saloon. Even with limited petrol rations, some people are still able to find their way to England's beauty spots



“This’ll feel good after a show!”

An R.A.F. uniform is a much more difficult matter of tailoring than are those for the other services. There are no “regimental variations” about it. It is a job of good tailoring or else it’s nothing at all.

Simpsons, having been fine craftsmen for three generations, are rapidly leaping to the front as R.A.F. tailors. Moreover, since men who are used to Spitfires are apt to want everything in a hurry, the large modern workrooms of Simpsons have been expertly staffed and scientifically planned—to give swift smooth delivery.

Finally, there are two hundred picked men’s shops in the country, who are Simpson agents. This immense organisation—the largest service link-up in the land—brings you the tailoring stan-

dards of Simpson Piccadilly wherever you are posted, together with full equipment.

Get your uniform at Simpson (ready-to-wear if you wish). Tunic, £5 5s. od.; Trousers, £2 2s. od.



**UNIFORMS
AND EQUIPMENT**

OVER 200 SIMPSON AGENTS, AND SIMPSON, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1



The Highway Fashion of

by M. E. Brooke

AN ensemble from the house of Jay's, Regent Street, is always perfectly tailored and endowed with an air of distinction. The model above has gone into residence in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor. It is carried out in black and white check crêpe. The sleeves of the dress are short and it is finished with a turnover piqué collar, and although the coat is lined with crêpe de Chine, the cost is merely 11½ guineas. Tweed suits, for country wear are 98s. 6d.; a brochure will be sent on application

NOW that Harrods' (Knightsbridge) sale is over, they are showing simple suits for the warm weather. The suit portrayed on the right is of fancy linen with an oatmeal weave, and the colour may well be called red setter brown; the collar and cuffs are of piqué. As will be seen, the skirt is pleated and the coat portion buttons smartly down the front. Unusual pockets are present, and so is a cluster of flowers and a neat belt. In the hat department a feature is made of hats of piqué



Photographs by Studio Life



*“—besides Gentlemen,
good looks are not enough”*

Packed for a
Week-end.
The same case
expanded for
a Month.



... and how right he is! Take luggage for instance. Good looks must be backed by good workmanship, scientific planning and sound construction.

And there's the rub! . . . for who but an expert can judge these . . . until it's too late!

But, don't be alarmed, there's no need for you to be an expert . . . just make sure the Revelation sign is on the luggage you choose.

REVELATION—The world's most famous suitcase. Expands or contracts for any length of trip. Prices 23/6 to 8 gns.

REV-ROBE—The travel wardrobe no larger than a hatbox. Automatically folds and creaselessly packs 12 dresses or 5 suits in 3 minutes.

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REVELATION
TRAVEL-TESTED LUGGAGE



This figure is on all
GENUINE
Revelation Luggage

The Way of the War

(Continued from page 112)

directing this work, with the American Ambassador and Consul-General as vice-presidents, working in close association with the M.T.C., the F.A.N.Y.s and the Ministry of Health.

The Riddle of the Raids

Germany's air raids on Britain are perplexing all the most experienced officers of the R.A.F. On the face of it one might come to the easy conclusion that the *Luftwaffe* is not much good at night bombing and does not relish the attempt to bomb vital objectives in Britain during the hours of daylight, knowing the efficiency of our fighter force. Here and there a night flying pilot seems to be making for a set target and to drop his bombs in the right neighbourhood—though hitherto with remarkably little accuracy or effect. But the bulk of the hundred or so of planes which come over seem content to unload their cargo anywhere where there is no opposition from ground defences; to wit, on waste ground.

What does all this mean? Can it be that the German Air Force, which came shyly to light in March, 1935, has run short of good pilots? Are they training inexperienced men, while at the same time—as they hope—fraying our nerves and giving warning of the horrors to come? Is Hitler still anxious to avoid a head-on clash with Britain, and therefore reluctant to arouse our most violent antagonism? Do these pilots, when they succeed in returning to their bases, paint glowing pictures of the havoc they have wrought?

On this last point we have no positive information. But we do know that they are doing very little damage; practically none of military importance. And we do know that they are paying a very heavy price in men and machines for very ineffectual attacks on our Channel convoys. Is this really the best they can do?

Cripps in Moscow

It was a bold step to send Sir Stafford Cripps as our Ambassador to Moscow and one which seems to have been justified. Judging by indirect evidence Sir Stafford has succeeded in gaining the confidence of the Kremlin and, acting on his advice, London has been able to help in the creation of more confident relations between Russia and Turkey. This is all to the good. Take a look at the map of Europe, bounded to the east by the Ural Mountains, and it jumps to the eye that Turkey and Russia are both concerned to ensure that the German megalomaniac does not succeed in by-passing the Black Sea either by the northerly or the southerly routes.

Germany's Policy in the Balkans

During the past year von Papen has employed every wile and device to lure Turkey away from the policy which led her to conclude an alliance with France and Britain. Figuratively speaking, the Turkish Premier has been led more than once on to a high place from which he might survey all those territories over which he might rule were he only willing to bow down and worship Hitler. And on each occasion he has spurned the tempter.

When the Hungarian Premier and Foreign Minister were summoned to meet Hitler on his return from the Western Front they were informed, in the presence of the Italian Foreign Minister, that there must be no action on the Danube which might precipitate hostilities and a clash between Germany and Russia. They were told to negotiate with King Carol of Rumania; and Carol was told to negotiate with them. A settlement in which Hungary would regain a large slice of territory in Transylvania, together with transfers of population, was promised for the autumn. Meantime both countries were instructed to demobilize their man power and set it to work in the fields to gather the meagre

1940 harvest. This infers that there will be no excitements in Danubia before the end of August.

Things to Come

On the diary of events impending or threatening we may note the invasion of Britain, elections in the Baltic States which will show a sweeping majority for Moscow, the possibility of trouble in Syria where German propaganda is being cleverly employed, formation of a new Japanese National Government under Prince Konoye, which may or may not press matters to a head with the white interests in China and a variety of Vichy demands on Britain which may be designed to pave the way for a German dictated declaration of war.

It is possible that, before these notes appear, we shall have awakened to find that the invasion has started. But up to now careful reconnaissance has failed to reveal appropriate preparations. Nor is it certain that Hitler will forthwith present the world with a "peace ultimatum" including his programme for a "new European order." If he does so this will show that he has doubts as to his ability to crush Britain in a fortnight.

In the Baltic States the "referendum" will be governed by the fact that the act of voting will be recorded on every citizen's passport. Failure to vote will be taken as evidence that the holder is "an enemy of the people." As to the Middle East we must recognize that it may be necessary for the British Allies to assume full responsibility for preserving the status quo. In the Far East our policy is governed by a sincere desire to assist China and Japan to make peace after three years of abortive warfare.

As to France, our reaction will surely be governed by our deep, basic desire to foster and encourage each and every element of resistance to foreign oppression, but to resist any proposal which, if accepted, could serve the aims and objects of our enemies.



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In wartime, value matters more than ever. So stick to the names you know. The fact that you know them proves that the maker has taken pains to tell you about them. And he only does that when he is sure that the value will make you a regular buyer. Never forget—a product which is good enough to advertise consistently must be good enough to buy.

Issued by The Advertising Association

Points to remember in choosing food for emergencies

IN choosing food for use in emergencies, there are four essential points to remember.

FIRST—it must provide for everyone's needs—from the youngest to the oldest members of your household.



SECOND—the food you choose must be highly nourishing and sustaining—useful alike in health or sickness.

THIRD—it must keep. Foods that deteriorate quickly or are easily contaminated are wasteful.

FOURTH—it must require little or no cooking or other preparation. Gas and electricity supplies may not be available: at times food may be needed in a hurry.



Just because each of these points is of essential importance, many experienced housewives are putting Horlicks first on their list of essential requirements. A stand-by in peace-time, you can rely on Horlicks to keep your family going even under the most drastic war conditions! This is why:

Horlicks is one of the most nourishing foods there are—made from rich, full-cream milk, wheat, and malted barley, yet it is so digestible that it suits people of all ages from infancy onwards. Because of its wide utility it is extensively used in civil and military hospitals.

But no less important are the "keeping" qualities of Horlicks. It will keep indefi-

nately in the sealed glass jars in which it is supplied. Even when the bottle has been opened, Horlicks will keep fresh and sweet if the bottle cap is replaced tightly.

You can serve Horlicks in a few seconds—just add water and mix. No additional milk is needed for the milk is already in it.

For safety's sake, get an extra stock of Horlicks now! You can have it in the well-known form for drinking, and also in the handy tablet form. Whatever else you choose in the way of preserved food, remember Horlicks can be counted on as your stand-by under any and every circumstance. At all chemists and grocers, from 2/- upwards. Tablets 3d., 1/- and 1/6.



A cup of Horlicks at bedtime soothes and relaxes tense nerves and brings sound, restful sleep

WONDERFUL as Horlicks is as a food in every emergency, it should not be kept for emergencies only. At times like these, it can play an important part in keeping you fit and helping you to get the sound, restful sleep that keeps you calm and confident. Drink a cupful, hot, every night at bedtime. A delicious, soothing "night-cap," Horlicks helps you to get to sleep quickly and to get the utmost good out of your sleep. All busy, nervous or worried people need Horlicks regularly.

OTHER USES FOR HORLICKS

1. In place of milk for tea, coffee, cocoa, etc.—mix Horlicks to consistency of thin cream or stir the powder direct into the hot beverage, using a dry spoon each time.
2. Instead of SUGAR on porridge or breakfast cereals.
3. Sprinkle dry on bread and butter or biscuits.

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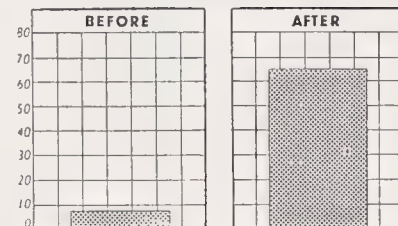
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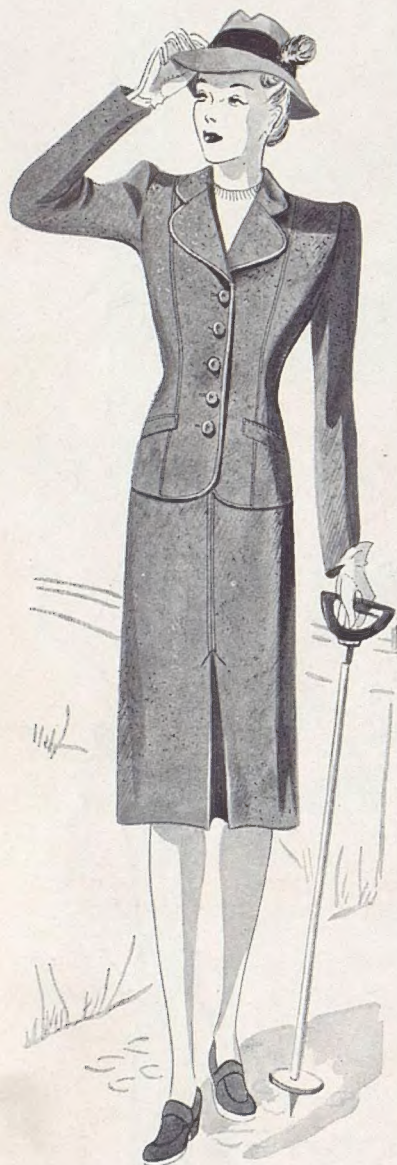
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Training the New Home Guard (Continued from page 114)

to cope with normally. This will be of great assistance to the military.

A few good officers who saw the recent fighting in Spain, France or Belgium, might tour the country giving lectures and hot practical advice to units. They will find a vast mass of intelligent material waiting for something practical to work on. To have a graphic picture in the mind of what one is training for, helps to focus all the steps which lead up to it. These steps should quickly reach tactical schemes in guerrilla attacks, defence, outposts by day and night, the conversion of buildings for defence, trenching, road-block work, simplified signals and communication, supply in food and ammunition, and evacuation of casualties. Quick assembly of units, all living at home, is difficult, but important.

Various rifles are in use from the large stocks received from Canada and the United States. The majority are Ross rifles, designed by Sir Charles Ross and made on the exact spot where Wolfe fell near Quebec. This is a marksman's rifle as opposed to general service, for which our own rifle was made, but it is one in which we can have confidence. It has a peep-sight, double pull, awkward point of balance and two pounds more weight than ours. It was discarded by the Canadians in 1915 chiefly because the mud of Flanders could not be kept out of the rather open-work breech. We shall not have that to contend with here, and we recommend a canvas breech cover, or an old sock. The hand grenade is the next weapon to be practised with, care being taken not to wound more of our



AT AN R.A.F. TRAINING SCHOOL

How well the good work is done at all these nests for fliers the Hun has every reason to know. The officers in this group are: (l. to r.) Squadron Leader A. F. R. Bennett, Assistant Section Officer M. H. Bishop, Squadron Leader W. L. Bateman, Pilot Officer R. J. J. Willcombe, A. S. O. Ditchfield and Flight Lieutenant Dartnell

own people than the enemy, which is not hard to do in the uncertain hands of amateurs!

The Prime Minister warns us that invasion may be upon us tonight or another night, or never. The units dare not therefore waste time in learning to stand at attention very correctly, when time may be so short.

If not here—where? The Balkans are sufficiently scared or dealt with politically, for the moment, and Hitler certainly does not want trouble with Russia until his problems in the west are cleared up.

No doubt the Italians will be goaded to distract us in the Mediterranean to draw our ships and planes to that direction—while the Germans may descend upon Ireland to draw our strength to that flank also. When thus involved on both flanks, we might receive the main blow at home, delivered on as broad a front as their available ships will allow.

Gibraltar stands sentinel connecting our two fronts. It is reasonably safe in itself from the sea, the air, and the land side—it has ample supplies of all kinds, and its defences have been greatly improved. Even aerial bombardment has few terrors on account of the layout of the Rock itself. But the danger lies in guns being sited on the hills across Algeiras Bay, and farther east, which could bring fire to bear on to our naval establishments and harbour. Much depends upon General Franco and the pressure he is feeling from the Axis powers—which apparently is now acute.

SAVE AS YOU SHOP

A bright new idea thought up by the National Savings Committee to make the buying of Savings Certificates and Savings Stamps a national habit, is to invite shopkeepers throughout the country to act as Honorary Official agents for their sale. So what with one thing and another it's not a pound of tea one asks for in the grocer's nowadays, but a ration of tea and a couple of Savings Stamps to make up the price. The scheme actually got under way during National Savings week in June and is now being worked with a will by over two thousand large shops and department stores. Sir Robert Kindersley hopes to raise this to twenty thousand and at the rate they are signing on sees a pretty good chance of reaching that figure quite soon.



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To get really well, to have a clear head and a brain that's alert and active, to prevent that headache coming on again, you've got to counteract that acidity, and 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the way to do it.

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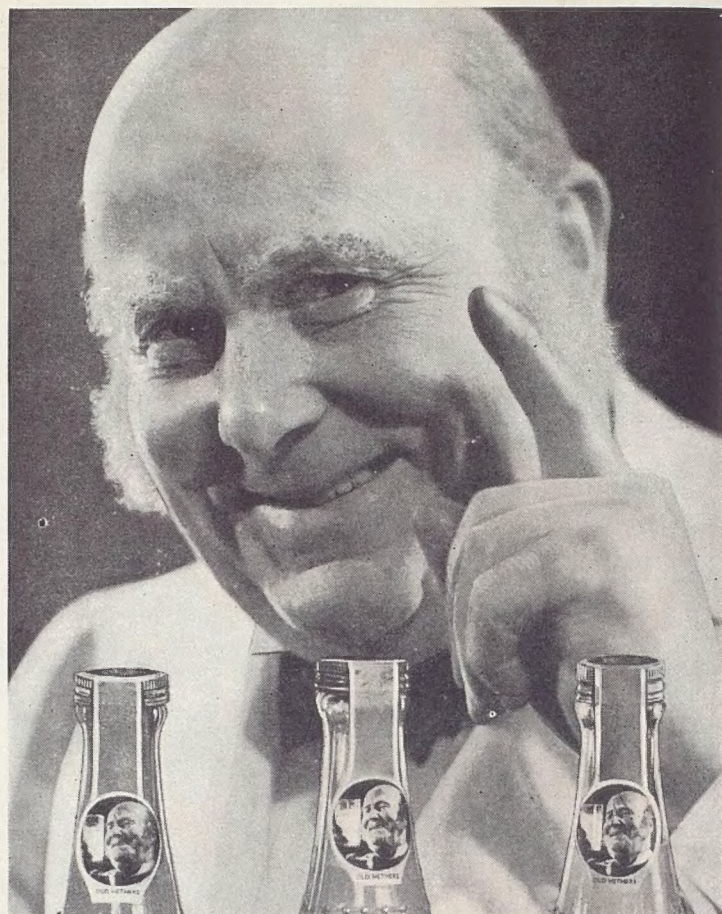
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